

If while thy little bark rides on the ocean of this world, rough storms, and contrary blasts alarm thy fears, yet remember the voyage is short, and the danger will soon be over; and though the skies may darken, and the lowering aspect of the heavens terrify and surprize thee, yet be assured that brighter scenes will soon cheer thy sight, and more serene prospects ravish and delight my soul: though the waves may roar, and billows appear as mountains, yet winds, storms, confusions and disorders, nay even death itself, shall all conspire to waft thee to the empyrean shore. Let the consideration of the uncertainty of life be a continual memento of thy fluctuating condition; acquaint thyself with the monuments of death, and contract a familiarity with the king of terrors. Remember the omniscient eye of heaven observes all thy actions, and let not death surprize thee in an unguarded hour. Accumulate not unnecessary riches to thyself, neither be thou covetous of large possessions. Let thy request to heaven be that of Agur; '*Give me neither poverty nor riches.*' Delivered from the difficulties and hardships of the one, and unembarrassed with the incumbrances and perplexities of the other, thou wilt live in comfort and satisfaction, and thy days will glide on in a pleasing serenity. Never imagine temporal things to be permanent, let thine

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own mind limit their duration. Vice unexpected may turn back the prosperity; and changes, sudden whirlwinds of the desert, destroy pleasing hopes of a long continued of delights. Place not, therefore, thine on fleeting objects, nor stretch hands to grasp at shadows. Build joys on an aerial foundation, nor place hopes on the phantoms of a waking dream. Prepare for misfortunes, and keep thy ways ready to war with adversity. Even in nature may be justly considered a instructive lesson of our worthy mortality. It has its spring, its summer, its autumn, its winter. Many find a passage from the grave; but those who survive summer and the autumn, must inevitably beneath the chilling blasts of winter, their frozen hand of death will open for dreary portals of the tomb. Remember, we are bound on a voyage to the end, and that the passage is difficult and dangerous; let us, therefore, be remarkably careful, lest the current of prosperity carry out little barks into the eddies of ruin, and they be swallowed up by pools of vice, or beaten to pieces on rocks of despair. The merchant, animating the hopes of riches, traverses the sands of the Arabian Wastes, to

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